Städtebilder aus dem sagenumwobenen Rheinlande.

Dort, wo der Rhein mit seinen grünen Wellen
So mancher Burg bemooste Trümmer grüßt,
Dort, wo die edlen Trauben saft'ger schwellen
Und kühler Most des Winzers Müh' versüßt,
Dort möcht' ich sein,
Bei Dir Du Vater Rhein,
An Deinen Ufern möcht' ich sein.

Wohlan denn! Hiermit laden wir alle Leser zu einer Reise an die sagenumsponnenen, rebenbekränzten Ufer des deutschen Rheinstromes ein. In einer Reihe von August Fröhlich, dem bekannten Künstler, prächtig illustrirter Städtebilder werden den Theilnehmern an dieser romantischen Fahrt die schönsten Stellen des deutschesten aller Ströme vor Augen geführt werden. Wohl kein anderer Fleck des ganzen Erdenrundes vermag einen Sagenkranz aufzuweisen, der sich an Poesie und Reichthum mit den Rheinsagen messen könnte. Jede Burg und Burgruine, jede Kapelle, das entlegenste Dörflein in der Eifel, im Hochwald und im Westerwald, die tausendjährigen Städte an den Ufern vom Rhein und Mosel wie auch die alten Kulturstätten des Flachlandes, sie alle sind Träger alter Sagen, die in ihrer tiefen Poesie das Herz von Jung und Alt erfreuen. Sie hier, in zwangloser Reihenfolge, unterstützt durch den Griffel des Künstlers, und durch lebenswahre photographische Aufnahmen der einzelnen Städtebilder, wieder erstehen zu lassen, dürfte sicherlich den Beifall der Leser finden. Diese, mit dem entsprechenden Text versehenen Bilder, werden stets an dieser Stelle zu finden sein.

GINGER ROGERS

in

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL

with

WALTER CONNOLLY
VERREE TEASDALE
JAMES ELLISON
TIM HOLT · KATHRYN ADAMS
FRANKLIN PANGBORN

Produced and Directed by

GREGORY LACAVA

•

PANDRO S. BERMAN

In charge of Production

Screen play by ALLAN SCOTT

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Courtesy of Otipa U. S. A.

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New York Post • Illustrated CLASSIC
SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1948

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

Illustrated by August M. Froehlich

IN IV PARTS

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

PART I.

SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1638. PARIS ROCKED WITH JOY. WINE FLOWED FREELY IN THE TAVERNS, COURIERS RACED ACROSS THE LAND WITH THE NEWS. ANNE OF AUSTRIA, THE QUEEN, HAD PRESENTED HER LORD WITH A SON, HEIR TO THE CROWN OF FRANCE. HIS MAJESTY, LOUIS, SEATED AT SUPPER, WAS FULL OF JOY AND HAPPINESS AS HE ACKNOWLEDGED THE CHEERS OF HIS COMPANIONS. MEANWHILE, THE CHILD, FUTURE KING OF FRANCE, SLEPT QUIETLY IN THE ARMS OF HIS NURSE.

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THE KING IS STUNNED, BUT JOYFUL AT THE NEWS THAT THE QUEEN HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO TWINS.

He is as beautiful and healthy as the other.

Oh, Heaven, I thank thee!

THE NEWS OF THE BIRTH OF A SECOND CHILD PENETRATED TO THE STUDY OF CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU, THE KING'S ADVISER.

A son is born to succeed his Majesty. God has sent another to succeed the first; but at present, we need only the first born.

Let us conceal the second child from France. One Prince is peace and safety for the state; two competitors are civil war!

Yes, you are right!

FIFTEEN YEARS PASSED...

PHILLIPE, THE SECOND TWIN, HAD BEEN EXILED TO A REMOTE COUNTRY ESTATE UNDER THE GUARDIANSHIP OF A LADY AND GENTLEMAN OF THE COURT. THE YOUNG PRINCE HAD NO IDEA OF HIS PARENTAGE.

You say that my father and mother are dead?

Yes they are dead!

We can never tell him the truth. It would mean our lives!

A man must make for himself that fortune which Heaven has refused him at birth.

PHILLIPE'S GUARDIAN TOOK EVERY CARE TO TEACH HIM EVERYTHING HE KNEW HIMSELF—MATHEMATICS, HERONIC ASTRONOMY AND SCIENCE.

ONE DAY, PHILLIPE WAS STARTLED BY HIS GUARDIAN'S SURPRISING BEHAVIOR...

My dear!

What a misfortune! It is the queen's last letter!

Calm yourself. Where is it?

In the well. A puff of air carried it off.

'Tis all the same. The queen puts all her letters every time she comes.

So! This lady who comes to see me each month is the queen.

But this letter contained instructions—how can I follow them?

Write to her and she will no doubt write you another letter in place of this.

The queen would never believe the story. She will imagine that I want to keep this letter to have a hold over her.

They are both so suspicious in all that concerns Phillipe.

They speak of me!

The Toilers of the Sea

By Victor Hugo

IN IV PARTS.

PART I.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE 19TH CENTURY THERE LIVED ON THE ISLAND OF GUERNSEY, ONE OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE, A YOUNG MAN KNOWN ONLY BY THE NAME OF GILLIATT. HE LIVED IN AN OLD DESERTED HOUSE CALLED THE BU DE LA RUE, WHICH THE SIMPLE PEOPLE OF THE PARISH BELIEVED TO BE HAUNTED.

DOWN BY THE DOCKS, IN A RAMBLING OLD HOUSE KNOWN AS THE BRAVEES, DWELT A REDOUBTABLE OLD FISHERMAN AND SHIP OWNER NAMED LETHIERRY AND HIS BEAUTIFUL, ADOPTED NIECE, DERUCHETTE.

ONE FINE CHRISTMAS DAY, TWO FIGURES WERE SEEN COMING DOWN THE SNOWY PATH LEADING FROM THE CHURCH, ST. SAMPSON...

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ONE WAS THAT OF AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG GIRL, EVIDENTLY DRESSED FOR CHURCH...

THE OTHER WAS THAT OF A YOUNG MAN DRESSED IN WORKING CLOTHES...

Hmm... that's Mess Lethierry's girl, Deruchette! She must be on her way from church!

SUDDENLY...

It is an odd name! I'll see if I can spell it out in the snow!

G... I... L...

I wonder what she's up to! I'll wait till she leaves and then satisfy my curiosity!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

Good Heavens! It's my name! Now why should she be doing that when she hardly even knows me!

AS HE APPROACHED HIS HOUSE, THE BU DE LA RUE...

Probably just a girlish prank! But why my name?

AS HE ENTERED HIS HOUSE, HIS EYE CAUGHT AN OLD LEATHER TRUNK WHICH HAD REMAINED UNOPENED SINCE HIS MOTHER'S DEATH...

I haven't opened that trunk since my poor mother died! I guess this as good a time as any to do so!

A complete bride's outfit and a message from my mother!

For your wife: when you marry.

DERUCHETTE LIVED WITH HER UNCLE, MESS LETHIERRY, AT THE BRAVEES. EXTREMELY FOND OF HIM, SHE ALWAYS ADDRESSED HIM AS FATHER. LETHIERRY LIVED ONLY FOR HIS ADOPTED NIECE, UPON WHOM HE SHOWERED ALL HIS AFFECTION. ONE DAY...

Father, you look tired! I wish you could find someone to help you in your business!

I've been giving the idea some thought of late, my dear. I fear the years are creeping up on me and I've been seriously thinking of taking Rantaine in as a partner!

Rantaine, father? Do you think he can be trusted?

I'd trust him with everything I've got! Rantaine has the strength of three ordinary men and is an excellent sailor to boot! As a matter of fact, I think I'll speak to him tonight!

LATER...

Do get home early, father!

Now, now, I'm not really that old, yet! Don't wait up for me... I'll see you in the morning!

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